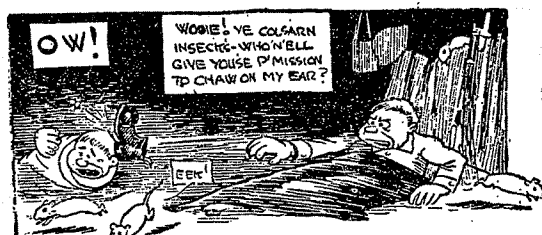
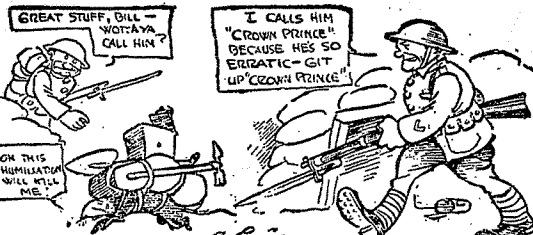
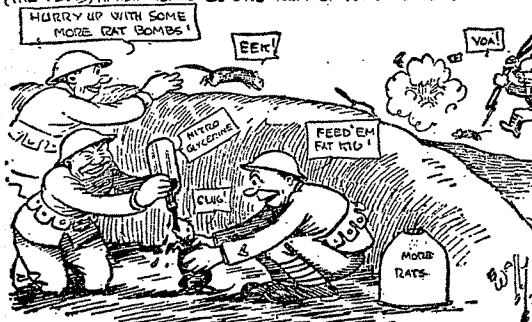


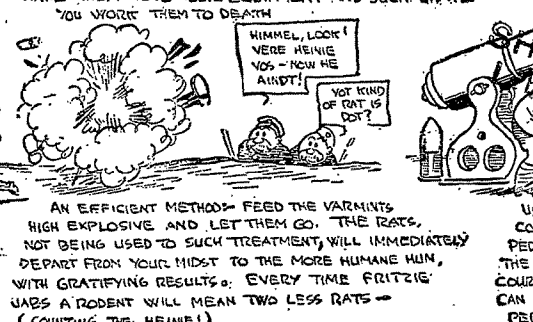
RUFF ON RATS



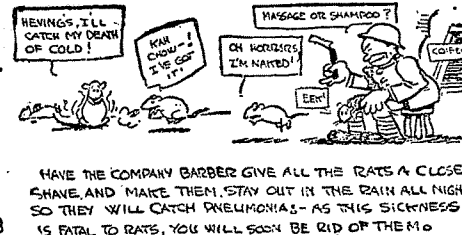
RATS IS A NUISANCE AND SHOULD BE EXTERMINATED; BUT AS PLAIN KILLIN' DON'T MAKE NO IMPRESSION ON THE PESTS, HARSH MEASURES LIKE 'RUFF ON RATS' IS NECESSARY.



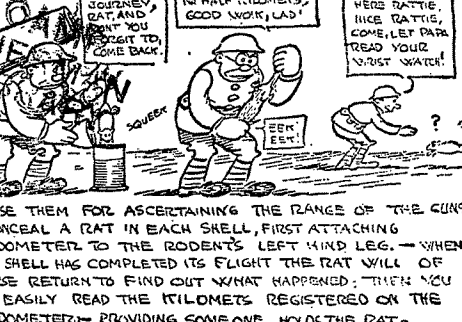
AN INSPIRING EXECUTION WITH PERSONAL ADVANTAGES—MAKE THEM TOTE YOUR EQUIPMENT AND SUCH UNTIL YOU VIOLE THEM TO DEATH.



AN EFFICIENT METHOD—FEED THE VARMINTS HIGH EXPLOSIVE AND LET THEM GO. THE RATS, NOT BEING USED TO SUCH TREATMENT, WILL IMMEDIATELY DEPART FROM YOUR MIST TO THE MORE HUMANE HUM, WITH GRATIFYING RESULTS: EVERY TIME FRITZ JAPS A ROBERT WILL MEAN TWO LESS RATS—(COUNTING THE HEINIE!)

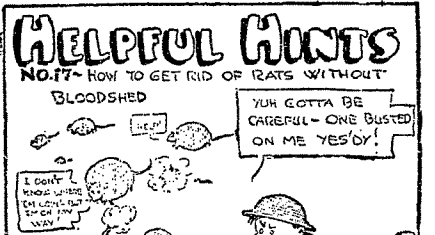


HAVE THE COMPANY BARBER GIVE ALL THE RATS A CLOSE SHAVE, AND MAKE THEM STAY OUT IN THE RAIN ALL NIGHT SO THEY WILL CATCH PNEUMONIAS—AS THIS SICKNESS IS FATAL TO RATS, YOU WILL SOON BE RID OF THEM.

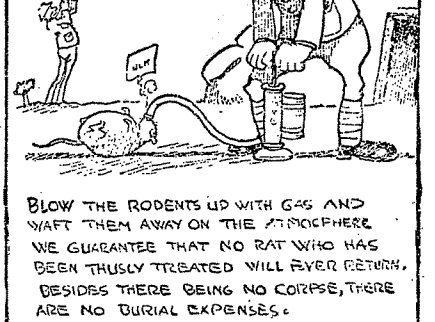


USE THEM FOR ASCERTAINING THE RANGE OF THE GUNS—CONCEAL A RAT IN EACH SHOT, FIRST ATTACHING PEDOMETER TO THE RODENT'S LEFT HIND LEG. WHEN THE SHOT HAS COMPLETED ITS FLIGHT THE RAT WILL OF COURSE RETURN TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED. THEN YOU CAN EASILY READ THE KILOMETERS REGISTERED ON THE PEDOMETER—PROVIDING SOMEONE HOLDS THE RAT.

-By WALLGREN



BLOW THE RODENTS UP WITH GAS AND WAFT THEM AWAY ON THE ATMOSPHERE. WE GUARANTEE THAT NO RAT WHO HAS BEEN THUSLY TREATED WILL EVER RETURN. BESIDES THERE BEING NO CORPSE, THERE ARE NO BURIAL EXPENSES.



ASK FOR THEM!

MANUAL FOR SOLDIERS IN FRANCE
by G. RUFFIER (3 FRANCES)
MANUAL FOR "WAR-WOMEN" IN FRANCE
by G. RUFFIER (3 FRANCES)
ALL BOOKSTORES AND Y. M. C. A. CANTEENS
L'EDITION FRANCAISE ILLUSTRÉE, 30, Rue de Provence, PARIS

STEVEDORES' CAREER
A ROUND OF HARMONY

Base Ports Vibrate With Music These Warm Spring Days

VAUDEVILLE OFFICERS

Buck Dancing Contest Produces Footwork That Would Make New York Sit Up

Just because the colored stevedores of the A.E.F. sing at their work and on the way to work and when passing—of home and sing when they get to their barracks is no reason to suppose that the work doesn't get done. The work does get done, and gets done well, whether on account of the music or in spite of it, it is hard to say.

Nobody knows the results of the work—enormous loads of all kinds of supplies taken off the ships and loaded into miles and miles of giant warehouses or on to the freight cars waiting at the big docks—is likely to quarrel with the music made by this branch of the Army. And surely nobody who has heard the music will quarrel with it.

Every night, at a certain base port, there are dozens of concerts in the stevedores' camp, with harmony close and beautiful.

The other evening, some officers, bored perhaps with each other, commandeered a few stevedores that were passing—of all likelihood to engage in one of the two authorized crap games the commanding officer allows, with a rake-off for the company fund—and asked them to come into the officers' quarters. The officers' barracks has a piano, and a floor made of salvaged boards, and one of the stevedores had a guitar and a knife. With these meager properties, a show was put on that would have stood 'em up on Forty-second Street any old night.

Buck Dancing Contest Leads

A buck dancing contest lead the program, the prize being a purse of half a franc from each officer present. The Alabamian at the piano let himself out, ragging his whole repertoire and making up more rags to fill in the gaps.

On a makeshift floor and in heavy issue shoes, that, however good they are, are not built for dancing speed, five stevedores, one after another, shook ten hoofs. It wasn't easy to award the prize, which finally went to a young M.P. sergeant, who did 15 minutes of varied steps that Fred Stone on his zippiest evenings wouldn't be ashamed of.

Then Private Hill —, of Louisiana, played dozens of tunes on his guitar—pronounced GITT-ar. With the adroit manipulation of the knife along the strings, he got the strange, poignant and beautiful effect of the ukulele. When he played "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," one Q.M. captain from Lynchburg couldn't stand it any longer. He just got out his O.D. handkerchief and had a good cry.

"Can you play 'When You and I Were Young, Maggie'?" asked a major. "No, seh," said Hill. And immediately proceeded to play it.

"Why, that's it," the major said. "Mebbe so, seh," admitted Hill. "Ah don't rightly know the names of none of them songs. Ah jes' use 'em to hear me white madam down in N'waw-leens practicin' on the piano."

Plenty of Parodies

The stevedores have a lot of parodies. One they sing all the time is "I don't know where I'm going, but I'm in my way."

Trying to be a soldier for the U.S.A. Going to be a hot time in France some day; I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way. It takes the Ninth Cavalree To make the Germans lay their weapons down.

Four long years, England and France, Trying to put the Germans in a trance; Fighting for your country, and it ain't no lie Eastward riding going to change my mind. Takes the Ninth Cavalree To make the Germans lay their weapons down.

At ten o'clock taps sounded. "Go on to bed, boys," said the captain. And they filed out to their quarters.

"Gosh," said the captain. "I sure do hate to send them boys to bed. Like the song says, I 'could sit all night and listen."

JUST THE OTHER WAY

"Are you," asked the old gentleman "a doughboy?"

"No," replied Private Pasfranc, who hadn't seen the paymaster in six weeks "I'm a doughless boy."

AS WE KNOW THEM

THE PRIVATE

He kicks about his meager pay, he kicks about the grub; He swears by all that's holy that his corporal is a dub; To him each regulation is a source of much distress—But he's never sick on pay day, and he's never late for mess.

He curses reveille and drill; he tries to skip retreat; He howls about the effort that it costs him to look neat; When work in any form looms up, he tries hard to renig—But he's strong for playing poker, and he's great on bunk fatigue.

He crabs about each feature of his military life; His idea of delight is to engage in verbal strife; He prides himself on knowing every pessimistic trick—And the height of his ambition is to register a kick.

But he really doesn't mean it, for it's just a clever ruse; And we know that chronic kickers have no time to get the blues. And if kickers make good fighters, then we're ready to begin To kick Fritz out of Flanders, all the way back to Berlin!

Pvt. GEORGE E. PARKER, Co. L — Inf.

UNCLE SAM GOES INTO WAREHOUSE BUSINESS

Uncle Sam has gone into the warehouse and storage business. He has gone in heavy. Without using superlatives too promiscuously, it may be said that he is building the biggest system of warehouses in the world and one of the largest railroad yards in the world to serve it. It is an adjunct of one of the new American base ports and one of the biggest construction jobs in the S.O.S.

The warehouse system, when completed, will consist of 116 storehouses, each 50 feet wide and 400 or 500 feet long, and five huge warehouses each 240 by 500 feet. It will contain Army supplies sufficient to sustain one million men for 45 days.

The warehouses are springing up at the rate of several a day—and what is important—they are filled with flour and bacon and ordnance and Q.M. supplies almost as soon as they are completed. It is calculated that there is already enough food in a certain group of these buildings to cause the ringing of every bell in Germany for four days—if Germany had it.

A total of 4,500 men is working on the warehouse system and the railroad trackage which will be used for the transport of supplies in and out. There are Americans, white and black, and workmen—civilian and otherwise—representing nearly 20 other nations. There are steam shovels, cranes, pile drivers, long engines, concrete mixers and all the other machines used on a big construction job, even to a saw and planing mill to cut and dress the lumber which comes fresh from the hands of a regiment of American woodsmen working in the Forests of France.

Hundred Miles of Track

Nearly 100 miles of railroad track have been laid and there is more to go down. The men are laying American steel and driving real American spikes, and they are making twice the progress they would if they were using French rails under the French method.

The troops and workmen on the job are quartered in a camp at one end of the yard, with the exception of some units of American colored troops who are enjoying the early summer in tents, and the German prisoners. The main camp is laid out with streets and blocks of barracks.

The German prisoners live in tents also. When not at work they are confined to quarters, the confinement being made secure by a barbed wire fence which encircles their quarters and a squad or so of English soldiers on guard duty. The English troops are in charge of the prisoners. They also act as foremen. The Germans were captured by the British, and that is one reason why the Tommies are guarding them now.

The speed with which the Americans have progressed with the construction of the yard is a constant marvel to the French population. Peasants come for miles to see the steam shovels devouring a hill and see track laying gangs put down rails that are fastened with "nails."

Revelation to Hun Prisoners

But the big revelation has been to the 1,000 German prisoners working on the job. When first they arrived, they were inclined to be a little insolent and not averse to making predictions as to what was going to happen to America in this war. In the few weeks since their arrival, however, they have undergone a decided psychological change.

From their camps they can see the American docks of the base port and the main American railways leading to the interior and the front, and the main United States line of rail transport passes within a few hundred feet of them. They see ships dock and discharge varied cargoes not singly but by the dozen and the score. They see train loads of cheering, singing American soldiers go by day and hear them by night, riding in American cars pulled by American locomotives.

They are dumfounded by the American effort and by the fruits of American activity, they have sadly admitted that Germany has been grossly deceived about the part the United States is playing in the war.

WHAT THEY'LL DO

"When I get back home," remarked the sergeant to the rest of the gang, "I'm going to get off the boat down the river and go right to those Turkish baths in the Woolworth building—you know where they are. And I'm going to stay in there and soak for an entire week, to make up for all the baths I've lost out on over here."

"When I get back home," remarked the corporal, "I'm going out to a little old ice cream parlor run by some old colored people that really do know how to make ice cream—not the salty, watery stuff they hand out over here and charge you a franc for, but the real thing. And I'm going to eat myself absolutely hogsick."

The private said nothing for a moment. Then:

"When I get back home and into cits' clothes I'm going to walk up and down every street in town with my hands in my pockets. And if there are any M.P.s in that town of mine by that time, I'm going right up and thumb my nose at every one of them. And if any one of them raises his jimmy, I'm going to say, 'Yah, you son-of-a-gun! The likes of you made me take my hands out of my pockets, where they were comfortable, every time I turned around in France. But now, that I'm in cits', you can go plumb to hell!'"

"Shake!" said the sergeant. But the corporal had slipped the mitt to the private before he could say it.

"Shake!" cried they all.

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BUSTED SUSPENDERS
LOOKED MIGHTY FINE

But Jerry Wondered Why All the Salutes Kept Coming

Jerry never could wear a belt. He couldn't keep the necessary neither garments properly supported without suspenders. So suspenders he had—a fine ornate pair of galluses, designed and embellished by his Aunt Melinda down in Middle Haddam, Conn.

They were some galluses. Like the shad which haunts the waters of the mighty river beside which, they first were inflicted on the world, they shone in the moonlight.

On this particular night one of their supporting arches had busted clean in two while Jerry—who was on permanent K.P.—was bending over to lube up a heavy pail of water. Nothing daunted, Jerry strung the one remaining faithful gallus from his left hip up over his right shoulder and back down again to his left hip. Thus equipped, with an extra hitch to make sure, he sallied forth into the night.

Snap! And Snap Again

Snap! In the half light of the moon, then, as he came, a passing doughboy saluted him.

Snap! The sentry at the gate of the French cantonment brought his rifle up to present arms. But as Jerry didn't know the difference between the French present arms and the carry-arms of the old, old manual, that didn't bother him at all. It bothered the Frenchman, though, for he expected to have his carefully executed salute returned in good style.

Snap! The Yank sentry on No. 1 post rattled his rifle up to the perpendicular with a slam of palm on wood and leather that could have been heard a mile. It woke Jerry from his reverie. He looked; sure enough, there was one

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of his regiment's old sentries presenting arms at him!

"Is you bugs, or wot?" he demanded, indignantly. "Whorell d'youse think I am? The old man? If you say I am, I'll crown you!"

"Wh-wh-wh, sir!" spluttered the sentry, who was quite green and scary. "I—If or—well, my orders is to salute all officers and—"

"Do I look like one o' them birds?" queried Jerry, vindictively, coming menacingly nearer.

The sentry could see. His blush put to shame the now full moonlight.

"Aw, shucks," he muttered sheepishly. "I thought you had on a Sam Browne!"

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